

R. K. THOMAS.

26 R. K. THOMAS. 28 R. K. THOMAS. 30 R. K. THOMAS. 32

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## CONGRESS SCORED

Amos J. Cummings Reads the Solons a Lecture.

## NEGLECTING THE FAMOUS DEAD

How the Private Burial Ground Came to Belong to the Nation—A Very Vigorous Protest.

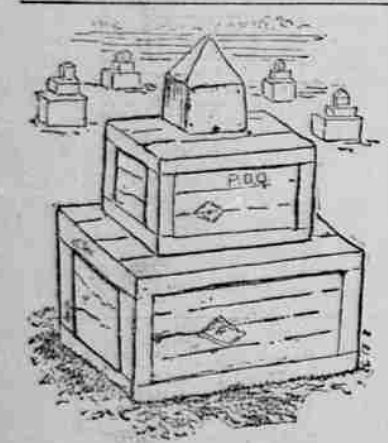
WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 27, 1890. [Special correspondence of THE HERALD.]—On July 28th, while the Senate amendments to the sundry civil bill were under consideration, the House struck a curiosity. In was an amendment reading thus:

For repair and improvement of the Congressional cemetery, including painting of cenotaphs therein, \$500.

Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, chairman of the committee on appropriations, on behalf of his committee, recommended non-concurrence. General Cutcheon, of Michigan, asked him if he knew whether the Congressional cemetery belonged to the United States. Mr. Cannon replied that he could not answer the question. General Cutcheon said there was a so-called burial place for Congressmen there. He was glad that the committee was opposed to painting the cenotaphs. If any one went out there and looked at them, he would want to remove them instead of painting them.

At this Seth Milliken wanted to know what a cenotaph was.

"Well," replied General Cutcheon, "it resembles a huge square dry goods box with an old-fashioned bee hive on top of it. They are the most complete consummation of hideousness that it has ever been my misfortune to observe in a cemetery. If there are any gentlemen here who have not seen them, I hope they will go out near the district jail and see this so-called Congressional cemetery. There are many things



RESEMBLES A HUGE DRY GOODS BOX.

that, in the language of the litany, I desire to be 'delivered from,' but above all I hope to be delivered from dying while Congress is in session, being buried in that cemetery, and having a cenotaph raised over me. I understand that as a matter of fact, Congressmen are buried there. These cenotaphs are placed there as mere memorials. They may be best called, they may be some kind of soft stone, but they are painted. Any one who has seen them must concede them to be a deformity.

General Cutcheon's description excited the attention of the House. Silver-haired Breckinridge, of Kentucky, made an ex-quisitely apt appeal on behalf of the memorial stones, suggesting that they should be kept in decent order rather than to be allowed to go to decay, but the House refused to concur in the amendment. It evidently wanted more information. The nation itself may be interested. One Congressman was interested and visited the cemetery. He learned that it was laid out in 1807, by Commodore Tingey. Mr. Griffith Combs, and a Mr. Miller. They were prominent citizens of the infant city. At first the cemetery was private property. About 1810, however, Commodore Tingey and his associates gave it to the corporation of Christ church, then the most influential Episcopal church in Washington. The country became the most prominent of the city. Congress brought a number of lots there for the interment of members who died during service. This is why it is called the Congressional cemetery. The cemetery is under the control of the vestry of Christ church. Congress owns nothing there but its own lots.

At first the cemetery was a single square of ground. As years passed, however, this city of the dead grew. When Webster, Clay and Calhoun died, seven acres were included. Now it covers nearly thirty. There have been about 32,000 interments. It is probably safe to say that between two and three score Senators and Representatives are buried here. But they are only a small part of the mighty host of honored dead who sleep together by the quiet waters of the Potomac, undisturbed by cares and ambitions. Here lie commanding generals, commodores and admirals, cabinet ministers and diplomats, judges and statesmen. Two Vice-Presidents of the United States are buried here. Here lie the wives and mothers, the sons and daughters of many whose names are inscribed in the Temple of Fame. There is, perhaps, no other cemetery in the new world that contains such an assemblage of great men dead and gone.

The cemetery is in Southeast Washington, on rolling ground, sloping gently to the Eastern Branch. As you look across the river you see the road to Bladensburg climbing up the ridge. Out of sight beyond the hills, on the Maryland and district line, is the place where Jonathan Cilley was killed in a duel with Congressman Graves, of Kentucky. To your right, at the foot of Pennsylvania avenue southeast, is a modern bridge. It stands a little above the site

of the old bridge which the British burned on their way from Bladensburg.

The cemetery is surrounded by an old wall. The west wall is partly of boards and partly of brick. The boards are painted white. The brick wall has a mortar top-course. In this mortar are imbedded pieces of broken glass bottles—red, green and blue—with sharp points projecting in a forbidding manner. The north wall is of



THE CEMETERY WALL.

iron. The main entrance is through this wall, at the head of Congress avenue. To your left, as you enter, is a brick building. It is the office and residence of the superintendent. The present superintendent is a Mr. O'Neil, a courteous and obliging gentleman, who probably knows more about the cemetery than any other man living. He spent a large part of his youth in it. Nearly half a century ago his father occupied the same position which he now occupies.

There are two nests of cenotaphs. One is to the left of the entrance in the old cemetery. The other skirts the main avenue known as Congress avenue. As General Cutcheon observed, they are hideous. The dry goods boxes and the old-fashioned bee hives are there. Here is a diagram of a cenotaph:

There are forty-six of them in the old lot and 113 along the avenue. The oldest cenotaph is erected to the memory of Theodore Bland, a representative from Virginia, who died on June 1, 1790. The most memorable in the old lot is the one erected to the memory of Jonathan Cilley. The inscription reads thus:

Honorable Jonathan Cilley, a Representative in Congress from the state of Maine. Died February 24, 1838.

Mr. Cilley's age is not given. Among other cenotaphs here are those erected in memory of William Pinckney, of Maryland, and Nathaniel Hazard, of Rhode Island, United States Senators, who died December 17, 1820. One erected to the memory of John Dawson, of Virginia, who died March 31, 1811, has the old-fashioned "P" in place of the "s," making the name read "John Dawson." Here are some of the inscriptions:

Honorable Elijah Bingham, a Representative in Congress of the United States from the state of Massachusetts, who died February 1816, aged 61 years.

Honorable Richard Stanford, of North Carolina, who died April 9, 1814, aged 43 years.

Honorable John Smith, of Pennsylvania, who died December 21, 1812, aged 71 years.

Honorable George Munford, of North Carolina, who died December 31, 1814.

Honorable David Waller, of Kentucky, who died December 30, 1814.

Honorable Josiah Slocum, of North Carolina, who died December 30, 1814.

Honorable James Burrill, Jr., Senator from Rhode Island, who died December 25, 1823, aged 48 years.

The most interesting cenotaph alone Congress avenue is that erected to the memory of John Quincy Adams. It bears the following inscription:

THE HONORABLE JOHN QUINCY ADAMS  
A REPRESENTATIVE IN THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES FROM THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.  
Died February 23, 1848, aged 79 Years.

There is no reference to the fact that Mr. Adams was once President of the United States. He was struck with an apoplexy while on the floor of the House, and died in the clerk's room adjoining. A brass star in Statuary hall in the capital to-day marks the spot where he fell.

Upon some of the inscriptions the word honorable is spelled "honourable."

The cenotaphs are of Potomac sandstone. The paint has peeled from them, and they look like sad and weather-beaten commentaries on the vanity of man. The inscriptions are frequently difficult to decipher. To read them you must stoop low and look close. The letters cut into the soft stone, in many cases, have crumbled. Aside from the name of the Representative and his state, the number of the Congress in which he was serving and the date of his death, all are alike. Nothing could show better the difference between monuments erected by contractors and public officers and those erected by loving hands. The date of birth or of death of some of the most prominent

men in American history is left blank. None have been erected in late years.

The cenotaphs are alike in size and form. One thing, however, surprises the visitor.



ERECTED BY CONTRACTORS.

men in American history is left blank. None have been erected in late years.

The old ones, erected nearly half a century before the civil war, are in a much better state of preservation than those erected during the war and in the decade that followed it. The inscriptions on the ante-bellum stones are clear and easily read. Those on the reconstruction stones are hard to decipher. The superintendent gives you the clue: "The old stones," he says, "were erected in the days when things were done honestly."

Those erected since the war were put up by contractors, anxious only to make money. Most of them were out late in the sixties and early in the seventies. About that time the old penitentiary was pulled down. From it the contractors obtained the sandstone for many of the monuments. What wonder that they are now crumbling?

The oldest stones are farthest from the gate. The majority of them were erected to men who have long since been forgotten. Occasionally, however, you see one that rivets your attention. Along the middle of the row is one which reads as follows:

HONORABLE PRESTON S. BROOKS,  
A REPRESENTATIVE IN THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES FROM THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.  
Died 1857.  
AGED ——— YEARS.

It commemorates the brilliant but misguided assassin of Senator Sumner.

At the end of the row, on Congress avenue, are two stones that must interest every true American. They stand side by side. The inscription on one is as follows:

THE HONORABLE JOHN C. CALHOUN,  
A SENATOR IN THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES FROM THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.  
Born ———.  
Died 21st of March, 1850.

The inscription on the other is as follows:

THE HONORABLE HENRY CLAY,  
A SENATOR IN THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES FROM THE STATE OF KENTUCKY.  
Born ———.  
Died June 29, 1852.

Webster has no cenotaph, as he died at Marshallfield.

Turning down the next row of cenotaphs you come upon one bearing this inscription:

THE HONORABLE THADDEUS STEVENS,  
A REPRESENTATIVE IN THE 31ST, 32D AND 36TH TO 40TH CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES FROM THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.  
Died August 11th, 1868.  
Aged 75 Years.

Other interesting inscriptions along Congress avenue are the following:

Honorable Owen Lovejoy, a Representative in the Congress of the United States from the state of Illinois. Died March 25, 1851, aged 43 years.

Honorable John A. Quitman, a Representative in the Congress of the United States from the state of Mississippi. Died July 1, 1858.

One memorizes probably the most noted abolitionist who ever held a seat in Congress, and the other a typical southern fire-eater and soldier.

Here is another inscription which brings to memory the vain, pale face of a Douglas Democrat, who was brought into the House on a stretcher at the point of death, to vote against the Lecompton constitution.

Honorable Thomas L. Harris, a Representative in the Congress of the United States from the state of Illinois. Died 1856.

Among the other inscriptions are the following:

Honorable Robert Randall, Jr., a Representative in the Congress of the United States from the state of Massachusetts. Died August 7, 1852.

Honorable Presley Ewing, a Representative in the Congress of the United States from the state of Kentucky.

The date of his birth and death is not given.

Honorable Darwin A. Flinn, a Representative in the Congress of the United States from the state of Pennsylvania. Died August 25, 1858, aged 49 years.

Honorable Thomas J. Rusk, a Senator in the Congress of the United States from the state of Texas.

Honorable Andrew P. Butler, a Senator in the Congress of the United States from the state of South Carolina. Born November 18, 1793. Died May 3, 1857.

This is the Senator who Charles Sumner called the Sancha Panza of slavery. He was the uncle of Preston S. Brooks, and it was for this characterization of him that Mr. Brooks made the assault upon Mr. Sumner in the Senate chamber. Other inscriptions are as follows:

Honorable John Coffee, a Representative in the Congress of the United States from the state of Georgia.

Honorable William Lowndes, a Representative in the Congress of the United States from the state of South Carolina. Died October 12, 1852, aged 41 years.

Honorable John C. Dromgoole, a Representative in the Congress of the United States from the state of Virginia. Died April 1, 1867.

Honorable William O. Goode, a Representative in the Thirty-fifth Congress of the United States from the state of Virginia.

No dates.

Such are a few of the distinguished men memorialized by these cenotaphs. All died

in Washington. As Silver-haired Breckinridge observed, public decency requires that these memorials, whatever they are, and as unsightly as they may be, shall be kept in decent order, rather than be allowed to go to decay.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

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Say some dealers who try to sell a substitute preparation when a customer calls for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not allow any such false statements as this induce you to buy what you do not want. Remember that the only reason for making it is that a few cents more profit will be made on the substitute. Insist upon having the best medicine—Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is peculiar to itself.

THE SALT LAKE VIEW PEOPLE.

How the Racket is Said to Have Been Worked in Denver.

Denver News.—Probably of all land deals none were more famous than the "Plainfield addition" to Denver. Last fall every newspaper in the state was talking about them. Every United States official was doing his level best to entrap the cunning intriguers. But all was of no avail. Money is said to have rolled hand over hand into their capacious pockets. But though everyone knew almost where the men were no one could exactly locate them. Mr. Branch, then postoffice inspector, worked hard once to catch the men and was about ready to lay his hands on them when he learned that the United States district attorney would not prosecute because he could find no statute to cover the case. Therefore Thompson and Pierce escaped—for the time being.

Messrs. Thompson and Pierce bought up a section of land near in Douglas county, on the divide about thirty-five miles from Denver. They are said to have paid \$1.25 an acre for the section and this was not considered much of a bargain. The purchase of the section excited much suspicion. But what the men could want with this dreadfully barren land no one could conceive. It was right on the broad prairie, two miles from the railroad track and apparently of no value whatever unless the men had some intricate scheme they were going to work.

But if all accounts be true these importations from the land of flowers did not take kindly to anything that required labor on their part. This unattractive piece of land they named Plainfield addition to Denver. It was thirty-five miles from the city and in another county, but that did not matter. To all their intents and purposes it was no other place. It was represented to have a station on the railroad track sixteen furlongs distant, but as a matter of fact there was a 4 per cent. grade right here and no train could have stopped if it had attempted to. But that does not matter either. That was the station, so it is said, of Plainfield addition.

To carry out this much of their plot required no special ingenuity or labor on their part. Let it be assumed that the company of an important third party to their plans. In order to get their greedy fish to bite hard at the bait in the shape of lots of land, they must have at least properly registered deeds of the property. The deed of the land could not be recorded unless it passed through the county clerk's hands.

So Mr. Pierce and Mr. Thompson are said to have approached Harry Jones, still the popular recorder of Douglas county. According to reports they represented to him the present state of their plans. All this section had been mapped out, and they proposed to sell the lots to any parties who wished to buy. In some cases, it is said, they convinced the idea of charging \$1.00 for recording the sale and then offer to give away. By this means, after deducting the actual cost for recording from this amount, they would make several dollars on a piece of land that cost nearly a penny. If they charged a nominal sum in addition to the alleged cost of recording the profit was even greater.

When Pierce, Thompson & Co. had got their pockets full of money the firm dissolved partnership. Not any too soon. Assistant District Attorney Harry Bryant discovered a statute under which the men could be prosecuted, and a diligent search was made for the ringleaders. But all efforts to locate them were unavailing. If every case the deeds were sent to the district parties with the name of the conveyer to be filled out, so that they could not be placed. The postoffice inspector last fall and winter was continually tracing the men, but they always escaped him.

Some time ago Mr. Patterson learned from parties who had run across their circulars that they were working the same game at Salt Lake city. They had there developed a "Salt Lake View" addition to the headquarters of Mormonism and were just beginning operations. He dispatched Inspector A. T. Laurence to the scene, and the latter had a hard time in ferreting out the clever fellows.

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